

WHITE CAPS

YEAR BOOK OF
CLASS OF 1938

VASSAR BROTHERS HOSPITAL

SCHOOL OF NURSING
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

JUNE, 1938

FOREWORD

NOW, when we, the Class of 1938, stand upon the threshold of our careers, it is our greatest desire and foremost aim to make this *White Caps* a storeroom for the rare gems that we have treasured through the past three years.



DR. JAMES E. NEIGHBORS

DEDICATION

ALTHOUGH the Class of 1938 can never make adequate return to Dr. Neighbors for the services that he has so wholeheartedly given to us during the past three years, we desire to leave a testimony of our gratitude. As a token of our appreciation, we, the Class of '38, do sincerely dedicate the *White Caps* to Dr. James E. Neighbors.

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
RUTH GRIFFITHS

Assistant Editor
THELMA TOWNSEND

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ESTHER STAPLES	MARGARET KUKODA
BEATRICE LINER	RUTH HANSEN

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Faculty Advisor
SARA L. SWEET

Underclass Assistants

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ORIL FAULKNER, '41	

Class Motto
"SERVICE IS OUR HERITAGE"

Class Flower
AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

Class Colors
BLACK AND GOLD

Class Officers

<i>President</i>	MARJORIE LEGGETT
<i>Vice-President</i>	MILDRED ONDERDONK
<i>Secretary</i>	LOUISE JAY
<i>Treasurer</i>	DORIS DATOR

Class Advisor
MARIE TYLER

CLASS SONGS

To the tune of "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet"

Put on your new white outfit with the gold pin on it
And we'll join the parade that's passing by—
For it's now that we're parting
And a new life we're starting
On our graduation day—
For three years we've waited and now that we are mated
With the Grads of dear old V.B.H.
We will ever remember
All the fun we've had together
And we'll all come back someday.

To the tune of "Thanks for the Memory"

Thanks for the memory
Of that September day, we started on our way;
As probies we did work on the wards, and never shirked;
How bewildered we were.

Thanks for the memory
Of that eventful day, we found that we could stay;
With caps and bibs in hands, and later our blue bands;
How happy we were.

Some of the time we were weary,
Some of the time we were blue,
But we don't regret a moment of it,
We did have fun when the day's work was done.

Thanks for the memory
Of everything we've learned and everything we've done;
And now that we are ready to bid you all goodby,
We thank you so much.

(Loch Lomond): "38"

Oh, we've got the high road,
We're thru with the low road
And now "Success" is before us:
At last we are leaving
New paths we are weaving,
All thanks to our Alma Mater.

Oh, We're ne'er forgetting
Or even regretting
Those happy, hectic, lucky three years
For now we've found our aim
The top is ours to claim
"Good old V.B.H., we salute you."



RACHEL F. McCRIMMON
Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital

RACHEL E. COLE
Ass't Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



EDITH L. LINDBERG
Practical Instructor
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital

SARA L. SWEET
Director of Education
Graduate of Newton Hospital



OUR SUPERVISORS



Marion Knapp, Marie Tyler, Grace Sease, Dorothy Brink, Jean Davidson,
Lily Cameron, Hazel Parmele, Emma Casson, Elizabeth Ferguson



DIETITIANS

Grace C. Thompson
Frieda Reuman



JESSIE C. AIRD

"Jet"

Beacon, N. Y.

"Happy am I, from care set free."



LOUISE C. BECK

"Becky"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"She is an everlasting argument, silent only when nothing can be said."



ROSE M. BINGHAM

"Bingie"

Pine Plains, N. Y.

"Reserved, yet not aloof."

DORIS B. DATOR

"Dator"

Mahwah, N. J.

"Dignified, almost until you
know her."



DORIS M. DAVIS

"Daey"

"There is a proper dignity to be ob-
served in every performance of life."



AMY C. DOHERTY

"Snooks"

Millbrook, N. Y.

"Her good humor is a fountain—
never dry."





RUTH M. GRIFFITHS

"Griffy"

Tarrytown, N. Y.

"The deepest river makes least din."



RUTH A. HANSEN

"Ann"

Ticonderoga, N. Y.

"Always and ever remains the same."



EDNA M. HARRINGTON

"Ducky"

Port Jervis, N. Y.

"When Irish Eyes are Smiling."

LOUISE S. JAY

"Lou"

Middletown, N. Y.

"Sincerity is the keynote of success."



MARGARET M. KUKODA

"Margie"

Easton, Penn.

"High in the hearts of her friends."



MARJORIE D. LEGGETT

"Marge"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"What mischief lies within her eyes,
What fresh new pranks will she de-
vise?"





BEATRICE D. LINER

"Bea"

Wassaic, N. Y.

"Intelligent and sweet, she plays the roll of the lovely lady."



HORTENSE A. MARCHESSAULT

"Tenny"

St. Albans, Vt.

"Lively, capable, and full of pep."



MARTHA E. NICKSE

"Betty"

St. Petersburg, Fla.

"What she lacks in height she makes up in sweetness."

ALICE M. ONDERDONK

"Onky"

Beacon, N. Y.

"There's gold in her heart, as well
as in her hair."



ANTOINETTE M. PALMIETTO

"Toni"

Croton, N. Y.

"A good heart is better than all the
heads in the world."



MARION I. SIBLEY

"Sibbie"

Malone, N. Y.

"Live while you live, the epicure
would say,
And seize the pleasures of the pres-
ent day."





ESTHER E. STAPLES

"E,"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"A merry smile, a friendship true,
Both of these she gives to you."



THELMA R. TOWNSEND

"Jerry"

Napanoch, N. Y.

"Why take life seriously? You'll
never get out of it alive."

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"No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him. There is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the hands of toil."

"Not what we would, but what we must
Makes up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more and less than just
In taking and in giving."

CLASS HISTORY

Time: September 3, 1935

Setting: Home 1

Cast: 23 bewildered girls

(The curtain rises on Act I)

The weather was gloomy, the hospital cold and foreboding, but our reception by Miss Lindberg was friendly and encouraging. Everyone was trying to look gay and make the right impression. Will we ever forget that first day—our first meal of baked tomatoes and omelet—the first few days when some of the girls got up at 5:00 A.M. to take showers because they thought it was one of the requirements—no, never—

We soon began our studies in earnest and after weeks of careful supervision and teaching we became accustomed to hospital routine.

Our social life was by no means neglected. Who will ever forget those visits from the seniors . . . those midnight feasts?

After what seemed an eternity of waiting and after innumerable exams, came the big afternoon. We sat in our rooms and waited to be called to the T.S.O. to hear if we were to be accepted as members of the training school. How dressed up we felt with our bibs and what trouble we had keeping our caps on our heads.

It wasn't so long after we got our bibs and caps that some of us became members of that group of forgotten women, the night crew.

(The curtain falls on Act I)

Time: September 3, 1936

Setting: Home 2

Cast: 20 girls (gradually coming out of the fog)

(The curtain rises on Act II)

We were all refreshed after our first vacation and started our second year with a bang—our first class meeting when we were officially joined with the February part of our class—a successful Bingo party and the start of our special training came at one sweep. At Christmas time some of our members started blazing a new trail—to Babies, and to Vassar College.

We had a successful dance at Easter and after that came graduation with our dinner in honor of the Seniors of 1937.

(The curtain falls on Act II)

Time: September 3, 1937

Setting: Tower Home

Cast: 20 women (charge to the right of us, charge to the left of us, and charts in front of us)

(The curtain rises on Act III)

Blue bands at last—soft mattresses, locked closets, and a view other than trees—we were started on the last lap toward our goal.—Came our second night duty—who will forget getting up at 2:30 for class; it was the middle of the night, wasn't it, girls?

We had our class rings by this time—how many times did we hear, "Those rings are not to be worn on duty, girls."—At this time came the responsibility of occupying the positions of our former charge nurses.—We held another dance—not so successful this time but at least we had a good time and didn't run into debt. After the Christmas holidays we held a very successful rummage sale and a grill raffle.

After this we turned our attention to the year book—we wonder if any book has ever had such time and energy spent on it.

At present we are all looking forward to graduation—but with a little touch of sadness for we know that when we start leaving in August we will never all be together again.

(The curtain falls)

FINIS



DO IT NOW

As I work about in the ward
Beds filled with anguish and pain
If a kindness I may show
If a good deed I may do
To one who is suffering with pain
Let me do it while I can
No delay for it is plain
I may not be near that bed again.

VASSAR BROTHERS HOSPITAL ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

TO THE CLASS OF 1938:

On behalf of the members of Vassar Brothers Hospital Alumnae Association, it becomes my privilege to congratulate you upon your graduation and to wish you success and happiness in your chosen profession.

We welcome you to the field of nursing and extend to you an invitation to become members of our Association.

Just as through co-operation you have achieved success in your Training School work during the past three years, so by the same token have the nurses of New York State won success this year in the passage of the Todd Bill, which we believe will not only be a protection to the graduate nurses and the public whom they serve, but will raise the standard of the nursing profession. When you have become members of our Association you will realize more fully that co-operation is the keynote of success.

LOIS COFFIN, R.N.,

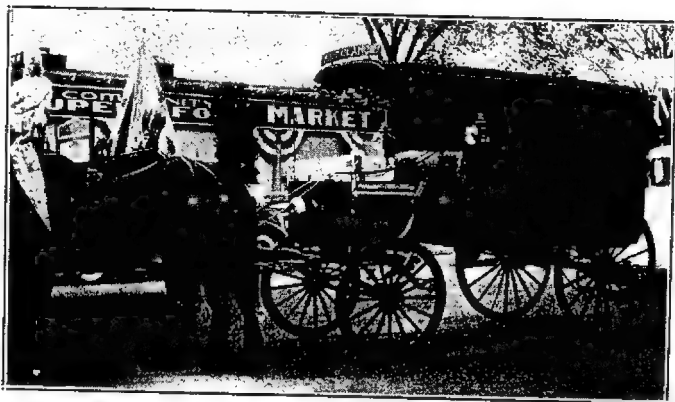
President



THE COIN

Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin,—
Oh better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing.

Sara Teasdale



OUR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

An institute for nurses on October 6, 1938 marked the opening of the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Vassar Brothers Hospital. An institute was held in Home I and was featured by an address by Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, Executive Secretary of the National League of Nursing Education, a former director of the School of Nursing at Vassar Brothers Hospital.

Miss Wheeler, after recalling her old associations at Vassar Brothers Hospital, told of the rapid strides that have been made in nursing, choosing as her topic "The History of Nursing Over the Last Fifty Years." The speaker emphasized that while schools of nursing are only seventy-seven years old, and have made remarkable advancement in the last fifty years, there are still things to be done and that all the members of the profession should have the welfare of the community at heart as well as still further advancement in the profession from the nurses' standpoint.

Miss Wheeler devoted much of her talk to the development of the American Nursing Association, the National League of Nursing Education, and the National Association for Public Health Education. The speaker emphasized the importance of the American Red Cross Association. She said that surveys conducted recently set up new standards for advancement in the profession.

One of the objectives is a new code of ethics and uniform standards in all states of the country.

Miss Wheeler said that while there were only thirty-five schools of nursing in 1890, the number had increased to one thousand one hundred twenty-nine in 1910 and one thousand eight hundred twenty-five in 1929.

The program also included an address by Dr. John Notkin, clinical director of the Hudson River State Hospital on "Hypoglycemic Treatment of Dementia Praecox," a symposium on "Mechanical Treatment of Peripheral Vascular Disease with Buerger's Exercises," by Margaret M.

Kukoda and Alice V. Darrow, and a talk on "Child Guidance" by Dr. Mary Shattuck Fisher, Department of Child Study of Vassar College. Dr. James T. Harrington discussed "Post Operative Treatment" while Dr. Scott Lord Smith discussed "The Recent Therapeutic Agents—Prontylin and Protamine Insulin."

Thursday's program included open house in the afternoon from 2 to 5 with nurses guiding visitors through the hospital. A well baby clinic was held. Awards were presented to the three healthiest babies selected from ninety-two who were examined at the open house clinic.

Thursday evening about forty-seven nurses took part in presenting the "Pageant of the History of Nursing," directed by Miss S. L. Sweet, which portrayed the development of the profession from the beginnings in Greece to the present day. Special emphasis was laid upon the work done by Florence Nightingale. The pageant was given at the Poughkeepsie High School. Senator Bontecou, president of the Board of Trustees of the hospital presided and Mayor Spratt gave the city's welcome. There was singing by the combined Orpheus and Euterpe Glee Clubs.

The first ambulance belonging to the hospital was on exhibition. "The Fastest Thing on Wheels in 1892." The wagon was kept on the grounds of the hospital and when a call was received, horses from a downtown livery stable were hurriedly equipped and rushed to the hospital, trailing behind a buggy whose driver and companion hitched them to the ambulance and proceeded to the scene of the accident. A short time after the completion of the hospital's new building in 1924 the hospital was presented with its first gasoline motor ambulance.

Friday morning clinics were held by leading doctors on the staff and in the afternoon a symposium was conducted. Dr. Francis Carter Wood discussed "Present Status of X-ray and Radium Therapy for Cancer."

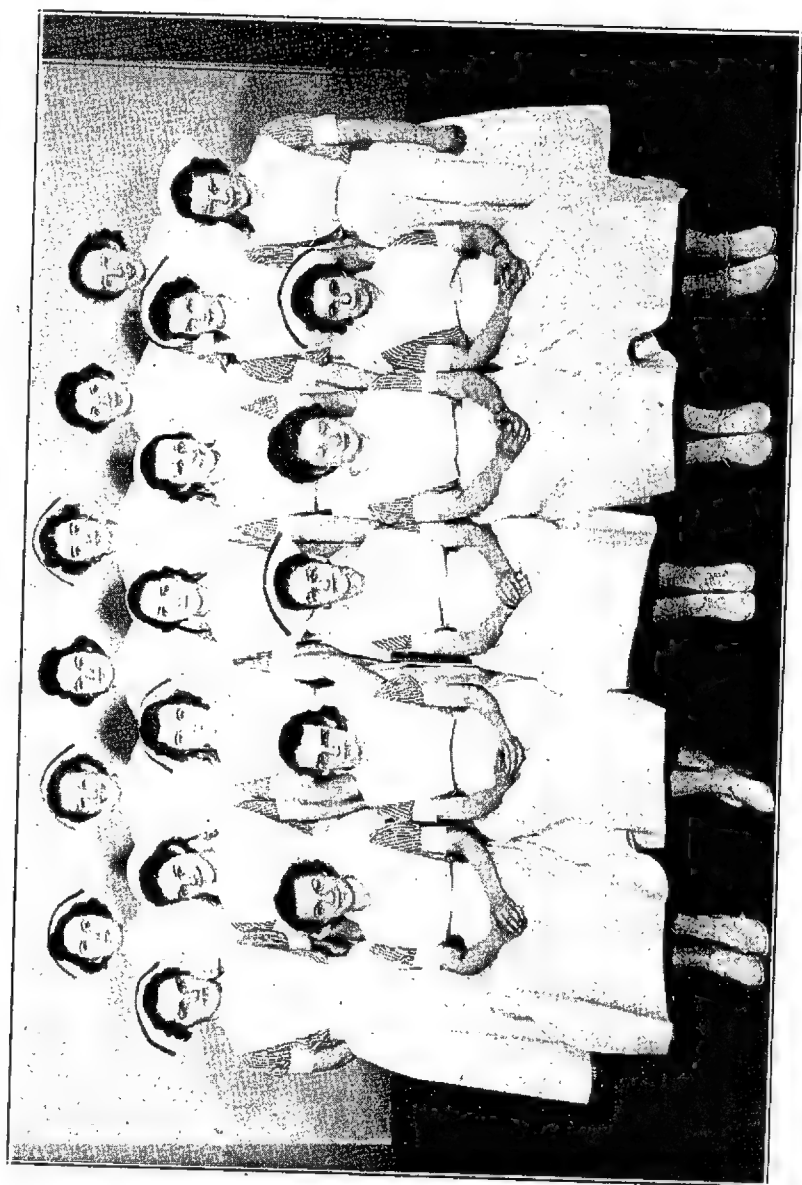
And so was concluded the Fiftieth Anniversary of Vassar Brothers Hospital. We are happy to have been here and to have played a small part in its celebration.



A CREED

There is a destiny that makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone;
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.
I care not what his temples or his creeds
One thing holds firm and fast—
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of a man is cast.

Edwin Markham



THE CLASS OF 1939

We hear much today of the catch phrase, "History is made at night," and so might it be said of the Class of 1939.

All of our experiences, pleasant and unpleasant, memorable and others best forgotten, our meetings, elections, social gatherings have occurred at night; and most important of all, and dear to us, we have come to a knowledgeable understanding of one another, also at night, in Home 2's kitchen over innumerable cups of coffee and gallons of conversation.

Now at the end of two years and one and one-half years respectively, we feel we are really a class, realizing our aims, of one spirit, one desire, one goal—to make ourselves worthy nurses and better human beings so that it, too, may be said of us—

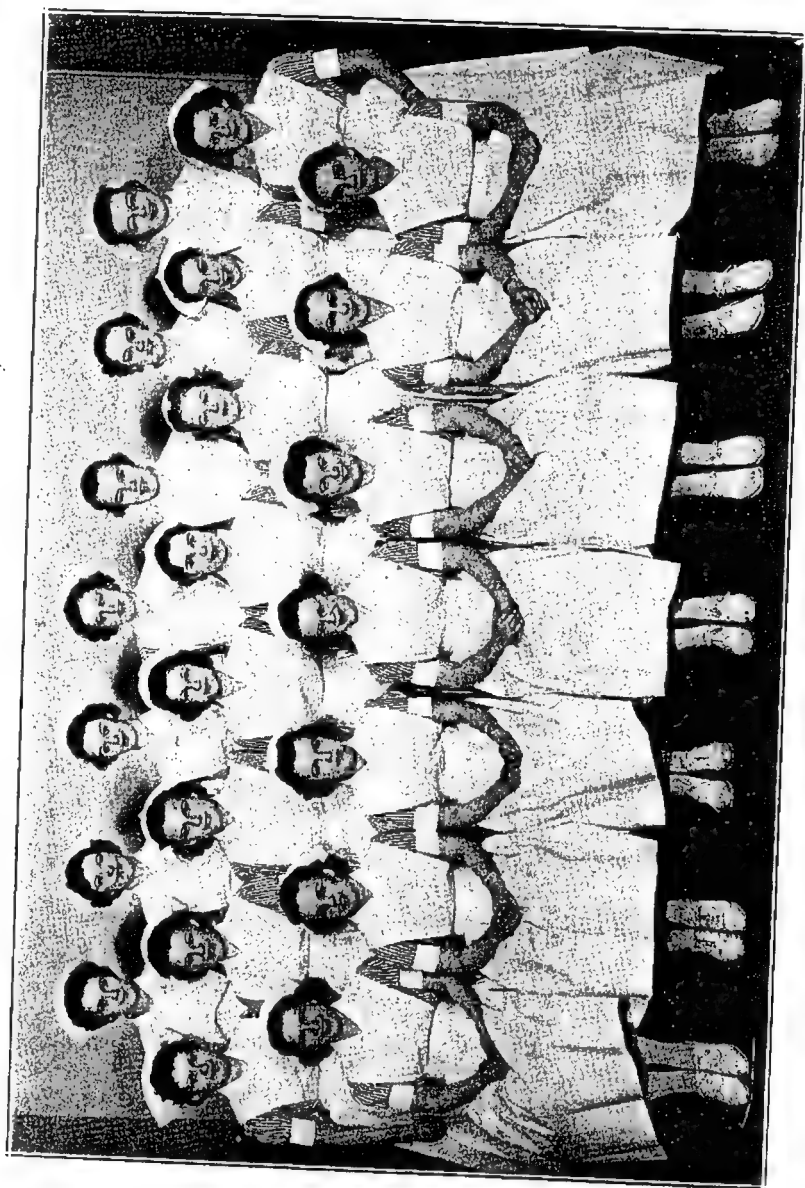
"Lives of good nurses" all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait.

*(With apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's
"A Psalm of Life.")*

THE CLASS OF 1939.



J-I TIDBITS

JUNE, 1938

VASSAR BROTHERS HOSPITAL

VOL. I

EDITORIAL

The Class of 1940 has not as yet become an organized unit, but when the girls in the second section received their caps and new probationers arrived, the bond between us became more firmly secured. Time has strengthened other unions as well—our class to the rest of the school, to V.B.H. and to the whole nursing profession.

There are students below us now to whom we have a responsibility as well as to our superiors. Both will judge us and we want to measure up, but our most severe critics are ourselves so let's let our consciences be our guides and we'll find our guidebooks all along the way among inspiring personalities, dependable texts, helpful doctors, and understanding teachers.

SOCIAL NEWS

There will be a concert by Prof. Kerner, talented bazooka-ist, at any unexpected moment after 10:15 p.m. Everybody gather 'round!

Another fudge party will be held soon in Home 1. Miss Gordon and Miss Wood challenge anyone to equal their fudge.

There was fun and frolic in Home 1 on Hallowe'en night. It was a spinster party until Mr. Lindberg, Mr. Casson and Mr. Knapp arrived from somewhere in the hills.

Members of our class took part in a fall showing of the most up-to-the-minute styles in nurses' uniforms. One of the most attractive models was presented by Madame Sairy Gamp.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

You can send a Junior to the O.R. for canned steam.

Miss Germond expects to be granted a patent on her (thumb) tack for lumbar punctures.

Plumber drops piece of steel in bedpan. Patient uses bed pan. Nurse reports Fallopiian tube found in same.

CLASSIFIED

Auction—rare collection of the first blue smocks ever used by a class of probationers. Some even have new buttons.

Wanted—a generous supply of vinegar and larkspur.

Learn to shag or how not to—Corr. II at off moments.

PERSONALS

Roberna Clum is blazing the trail for our class at Babies.

Miss Fullam did the same in the D.K.—not literally we hope.

Miss Darrow spent her leave of absence in Florida. Perhaps she sent us some of the sunshine on Easter Day.

LEST WE FORGET

Dates for the blanks in Dear Diary
Intermediates entered.....Feb. 8
Intermediates capped.....June 25
Juniors entered.....Sept. 7
Juniors capped.....Jan. 28
Last commencement.....June 2
V.B.H.'s Anniversary.....Oct. 6
Pageant at P.H.S.....Oct. 7

THE CLASS OF 1940



THE CLASS OF 1941

Joyfully, we, the Class of 1941, respond to the privilege of contributing to *White Caps*. Just as we go on doing and learning new things that make us feel more and more a part of Vassar Hospital, so this honor adds to our feeling of belonging.

Is it possible, we ask today, that we were those eight bewildered maidens who seemed the object of all eyes that February 8th so long ago?

We certainly had a warm reception. Our hats and coats were hardly needed in the power house or in the hearty game of pool that followed.

Remember our first public appearance? Certain members of our class had high ambitions even then, perched like bluebirds at a Senior table in the cafeteria, while the poor Juniors looked on and wondered.

The "Mystery of the Wards" is gradually being solved under Miss Lindberg's guiding hand, and, with the willing and friendly help of the charge nurses, we hope someday to find ourselves in the places they are now occupying.

THE CLASS OF 1941

A WORTHWHILE HOBBY

Have you ever wished that you had a hobby which would afford you ever-increasing pleasure? If you have, but have not yet succeeded in finding one, why not make appreciation of good music your hobby?

Time was when few people had the opportunity to hear good music. Fortunate were those who lived in cities large enough to support musical organizations of one kind or another, and it goes without saying that at that time audiences were limited to the capacity of existing concert halls and opera houses. No wonder that to hear and consequently to learn to enjoy and appreciate good music was the privilege of a chosen few.

How different conditions are today, especially in these, our United States! Competition and mass production have made it possible for almost anyone to own some kind of a radio, from the tiniest model up to the larger and almost magically perfect receiving set. As a result, more and more people are making use of the opportunities for hearing good music and demanding that more of it be broadcast. The broadcasting companies are heeding these requests too. The recent formation of the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of noted conductors (with Toscanini heading the list) is only one of the responses to the awakened musical interest of the public. This orchestra, by the way, is the first of its kind in the United States established by and for radio. Concerts by the orchestras of the Federal Music Project, as well as by most of the famous and long-established symphony orchestras of the country, are being broadcast regularly. Whole operatic performances from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York are being made available to the radio audience every Saturday afternoon during the whole opera season. The mere turn of dial or button brings any of these programs into countless homes in which someone has learned to enjoy them.

This last statement brings me back to the real purpose of this discussion; namely, making a hobby of hearing good music. Even if you have no musical training, untold pleasure is in store for you if you develop the habit of listening to the more serious musical programs now and then, being careful at first not to choose programs and types of music too heavy and seemingly dry for a beginner. Try some of the variety hours such as the "Magic Key," "Cities Service," "Chesterfield," "Ford Hour," "Firestone," etc. On any of these you can hear some of the most famous singers and excellent orchestras offering a variety of both popular and classic selections. As you become familiar with some of the classics, you will gradually begin to recognize and enjoy them whenever you hear them. Having arrived at that point, you will be ready to listen occasionally to portions at least of such concerts as those of the New York Philharmonic, N.B.C. and other symphony orchestras. During the opera season you might even enjoy hearing a bit of the broadcasts from the Metropolitan. If you really want to learn to enjoy and understand the works of the great composers, do not scorn the intermission commentators. They, in their short

talks, tell interesting and helpful facts about the selections or operas, as well as something about the composers and the performing artists. If you have access to a New York paper, browse through the music section and reviews, especially after hearing some outstanding program. Reading what the critics have to say about such performances will stimulate your interest, so that you will want to hear more of them.

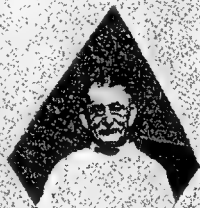
If and when you have succeeded in making a hobby of listening to good music, your life will be enriched by an ever-increasing and deepening enjoyment of one of the most beautiful things life can offer—the music and operas of the immortals, as interpreted by some of the greatest artists in history. Fortunate indeed are we, to live in an age when the humblest and most distant music lover can share the gifts of the gods with those whom fate permits to occupy a seat in opera house or concert hall.

MARIE TSCHUDIN



THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE IN V.B.H.

8-hour duty for student nurses.
All orderlies ready, willing and able.
A subway system between the hospital and the nurses' homes.
Uniforms that fit.
More late leaves and overnights.
Two tennis courts and a swimming pool.
At least one interne who will do his work without crabbing.
A radio on every ward.
An automatic device for squelching probes.
More smiling faces.
Comfortable mattresses.
Fewer squeaking doors and banging radiators.
More clean thoughts and less gossip.
All patients up and around.
Well-filled ice boxes in the homes.
Cleaner shoes and less gum-chewing on duty.
Fewer classes and higher marks.
More good-natured doctors.
No standing orders.
A night shift in the Operating Room.
All deliveries in the daytime.
Fewer supervisors in the Dispensary and Accident Room.
Less trees and more flowers.
Ward 2 with young and handsome patients.
More bathtubs and fewer bird baths.



REMEMBER WHEN:

Aird cleaned Home 1's bathroom after renting it to a cat one Saturday night?

Miss Lindberg found the mysterious chalk marks all over the hospital?

The night nurses searched the attic for Sibley's missing patient?

Judy Vassar had intentions of eating breakfast with the internes?

The old ambulance was parked in front of Tower Home?

A patient asked Tony for a bottle and she said "Hot or cold?"

Leggett appeared on duty one morning with orange hair?

Dator thought lepers had spots?

Miss McCrimmon attended our Hallowe'en party in disguise and Townsend called her "Toots"?

We were given a sleigh-riding party without the horse and sleigh?

We were taken through the underground tunnels for initiation?

Liner and Harrington went to church on *Friday* morning and came in at 6:30 A.M.?

Doherty gave mild menthol for a cathartic?

The internes' pool table had to be remodeled?

Nickse hunted for bats with a flashlight?

Staples got caught out on Salt Point Road?—Says who?

Dator gave a nose irrigation with an ear syringe?

Sibby slept outside her door till 3:00 A.M. and used the radiator for a closet?

Townsend got spanked where it hurt the most?

We played "Sardines" among Miss Lindberg's Christmas presents?

The internes gratefully accepted the donation of a case of beer and received the bill a week later?

Sibby was the star witness for the state?

Dr. Scott got a birthday gift of a beautiful bouquet and a doll?

We had midnight feasts on Men's Semi?

Ten taxis mysteriously appeared at the internes' quarters?

Onderdonk got on the wrong subway in New York and ended up in the Bronx zoo?

The laundry was the proud father of twins?

The horn in Doherty's car awakened V.B.H. at 12:00 midnight?

We went wading in the bird bath?

Miss Brink's bed was ripped apart on Corridor 2?

Two of us climbed through a window on 1st Corridor one night?

Someone rang the Liberty bell in back of the hospital?

The itching powder was put on Ward 2's patients?

Miss McCrimmon and Dr. Harrington couldn't tell ecchymosis from an ink spot?

We had "cause for celebration" on night duty and Sibby and Townsend supplied the "49-cent special"?

Someone started the Pavex boot at 2:00 A.M.?

We moved into the halls in Home 1 because of the banging radiators?

Leggett underwent an operation at her farewell party?

And always remember all the fun we've had together.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

A man makes a will when he's feeble and old,
And leaves to another his treasures and gold;
So the old class must make out a will to the new;
We've made out our will, here's what we leave you.

'To all the members of the various staffs of the hospital, we leave our deepest gratitude for all the help they have given us in our three years of training.

To Mr. Weber: a book "8-hour duty and the benefits derived from it."

To Miss Cole: a poker face.

To Miss McCrimmon: all the answers.

To Elsie Tschudin: Beatrice Liner leaves her long, curly hair.

To Dorothy Reynolds: Ruth Griffiths leaves her respect for Seniority.

To Doris Marshall: Ann Hansen leaves a 3-year lease on the solarium.

To Dr. Otis: we leave a list of the tennis court rules.

To the Clum twins: identification bracelets.

To Dr. Stibbs: Marjorie Leggett leaves a pair of trousers with a zipper on them.

To Marjorie Clapp: Rose Bingham leaves her knowledge of professional etiquette.

To Miss Knapp: we leave a cowbell to hang around her neck.

To Miss Sweet: a notice from the S.P.C.A.—"Please Preserve Cats."

To Dr. Mulcahy: a pair of built-up shoes and a giggle-controller.

To Marion Cornwell: Edna Harrington leaves her accent.

To Louise Hedges: Marion Sibley leaves her pep.

To Rowena Waelde: Hortense Marchessault leaves her very audible voice.

To Miss Ferguson: we leave an honest scale for the nursery.

To Dr. Stoller: a veterinary's license.

To Miss M. Tschudin: a mattress without horsehair in it.

To Dr. Neighbors: satisfactory E.E.N.&T. service.

To anyone who wants it: Doris Dator leaves her gait.

To Dr. Moffit: a noiseless operating room.

To Lois VanSteenburgh: Amy Doherty leaves a new coiffure.
To Dr. Simon: we leave written copies of his operating room technique to pass among the nurses.
To Miss Brink: a sterile water tank for the Delivery Room.
To Mary Hull: Thelma Townsend leaves a book on how to sleep in class and get away with it.
To Dr. Messinger: we leave a clean vocabulary.
To Jane Secor: Margaret Kukoda leaves her ability to take orders from her superiors.
To Dr. Voorhees: we leave a back-door entrance to the T.S.O.
To Louise Ensign: a book, "Little Children Should be Seen and Not Heard."
To Helen Germond: a bicycle to ride around on.
To Dr. Scott: Judy Vassar—some fun, eh?
To Miss Casson: a cocktail lounge for Ward 5.
To Elizabeth Kerner: Louise Beck leaves her dignity.
To Judy Vassar: a renovation—she'll need it.
To all underclassmen: our perseverance and resistance.
To any picnickers: M. Leggett leaves two sardines and a slice of tomato.
To the hospital: another Senior class as efficient as ours.

In witness whereof, we hereunto set our hand and affix our seal and in the presence of three pairs of witnesses, declare this to be our last will and testament, this the 2nd day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred thirty-eight.

THE CLASS OF 1938

Witnesses:

Crispell Brothers

Stein Brothers

Stoller Brothers

CLASS PROPHECY

Ladies and gentlemen, you are listening to the annual broadcast of station V.B.H. At the sound of the gong, it will be exactly 8 o'clock, June 2, 1948. And time for Betty Nickse, the keyhole expert. Are you listening?

Gong

"Well, here I am, folks, and at life's lowest ebb (boy, it's awful, too), wasting my time trying to think up an entrance. Some bright saying that will stick in your memory. (Well, you'll just have to do without it.) Stern, grim information of the matter of fact nature is what I'll stick to.

"But enough of mere chatter, you will want to be knowing who's who and what they have been doing. But I just can't help getting a little sentimental and crying, because only ten years ago about this time, I was graduated with the swellest bunch of girls that ever left a training school. And many of them have made their mark in the world (not that they can't write). For instance, I got Doris Davis's autograph just the other day. It seems she's substituting for Olive Oyl and in time, even hopes to succeed Olive Oyl herself. And while we're in Hollywood you might as well know that Ruth Griffiths, the lucky girl, is doing private duty to none other than Robert Taylor.

"Went to visit Jessie Aird the other day. She is now hostess in Jerry's, (her husband), hotel in Beacon. She is her old sweet self but the children get on her nerves. As usual she knew all the gossip: so I endured her cooking to hear it all just so I could tell it to you.

"It seems that Amy Doherty is spending her time in Texas, finding fun in roping steers. It's good that Dr. J. B. Miller is there to mend her broken bones.

"Who would have thought it—Marjorie Leggett is supervisor on 8th floor at Babies' Hospital. She always did love it there, if I remember.

"Another of our number, none other than Rose Bingham, has donned her thinking cap. She is trying to solve one of the many riddles told in the Green Room many years ago.

"Flash—Flash!! Headlines tonight!!—Esther Staples just had twin girls. She has been waiting ten years for them in a little town in Massachusetts. Louise Jay has just left her own family (of three) to care for her.

"Anytime I get blue and lonesome, I drown my sorrows at Sibley's and Townsend's night club—who would have thought they'd have their names in lights.—You just ought to hear them croon.

"You will be glad to hear of the success of both Miss Kukoda and Miss Onderdonk. Miss Kukoda is now World Champion Tennis Player.

She won the cup at Wimbledon just last week. Miss Onderdonk is now on a concert tour and is quite devoted to her public. She spends many happy, hectic hours signing autograph books.

"I went to the "Follies of '48." Met the little girl the whole town's talking about. Of course she calls herself "Queenie" now, but she looks to me like our Liner.

"Louise Beck is now stewardess on the "Poughkeepsie Clipper," which flies between Wappingers and Poughkeepsie. I'm glad she received the position, for now it only takes her two seconds to get to Wappingers.

"One floor below the ground, in other words, the basement, we find Doris Dator modeling shoes (size 12 or 15?). Just at present she is forced to take a vacation, for she broke her toe on a chair that in some way got beneath her feet.

"Hortense Marchessault seems to be having a pretty hard time making a paying proposition out of that farm of hers in Vermont. Butter and eggs are so cheap that she is trying to think up something else for the cows and chickens to do.

"In the field of education there has been only one contribution: Edna Harrington is a professor of chemistry at Yale University.

"There's a note of sadness in this broadcast. With tears in my voice, I must report that Ann Hansen is still in training but they are thinking of making her Director of Nursing.

"I bumped into A. Palmietta the other day, and I mean bumped. I practically ruined her new Rolls Royce. She must have been the lucky one in our crowd. Discovered oil on her property in Highland.

"Oh, dear, there goes that gong and I could go on all night because there is really so much to tell but there's that bell again.

"So, so long until we meet again."

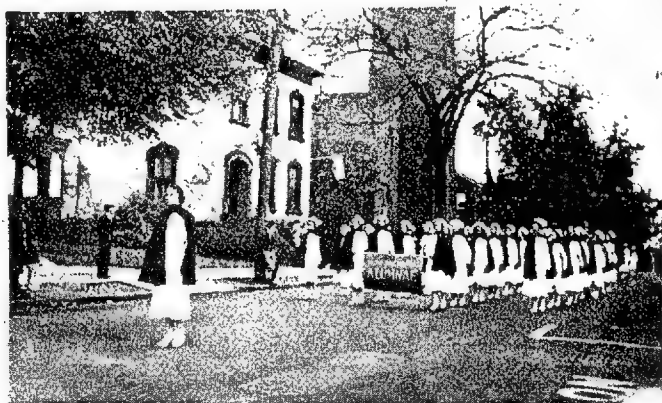
SONG FOR A CHILD GRANDFATHER'S LOVE

They said he sent his love to me,
They wouldn't put it in my hand
And when I asked them where it was
They said I couldn't understand.
I thought they must have hidden it,
I hunted for it all the day,
And when I told them so at night
They smiled and turned their heads away,
They say that love is something kind
That I can never see or touch
I wish he'd sent me something else,
I like his cough-drops twice as much.

Sara Teasdale

SONGS OF V.B.H. AND WHO WROTE THEM

- "So Many Memories"—*Senior Class*
 "I'm Like a Fish Out of Water"—*D. Brink*
 "Let's Go Cuddle in a Corner"—*Dr. Scott*
 "Is it Love or Infatuation?"—*Staples*
 "In the Still of the Night"—*Dr. Harrington*
 "Time on My Hands"—*St. John*
 "Trust in Me"—*Dr. Leiser*
 "Danger in the Dark"—*Dr. Hedgecock*
 "Serenade in the Night"—*Called to the Delivery Room*
 "Dreaming"—*Frazer*
 "Somewhere a Voice is Calling"—*T.S.O.*
 "Let's Have Another Cigarette"—*Green Room*
 "What's the Reason I'm Not Pleasin' You"—*Leggett*
 "We Won't Get Home Until Morning"—*After graduation*
 "Swing is Here to Sway"—*Aird*
 "Every Night's a Holiday"—*Doherty, Sibley and Townsend*
 "The Sheik Steps Out"—*Dr. Rogers*
 "Where is My Wandering Girl Tonight"—*R. Cole*
 "How Dry I Am"—*Dr. Stibbs*
 "So Rare"—*Getting off duty at seven*
 "My Secret Love Affair"—*Marchessault*
 "Lonely Nights"—*Dr. Otis*
 "Take and Take and Take"—*Bed pans*
 "New Faces"—*Probes*
 "Thrill of a Lifetime"—*Dating an interne*
 "Living in Seclusion"—*Individual Precautions*
 "Doctor Rhythm"—*Dr. Breed*
 "I Can't Be Bothered Now"—*Hussing*
 "Popeye and Olive Oyl"—*Davis and Clarence*
 "You've Got Something There"—*Dr. Moffit*
 "Sounds in the Night"—*Ward 5*
 "He's Just My Bill"—*C. B. Smith*
 "You Can't Tell a Man By His Hat"—*Dr. Stoller*
 "It Must Be Love"—*Palmietto*
 "I'm Still a Hill-billy at Heart"—*Dr. Marks*
 "Moanin' in the Morning"—*Jay*
 "The Kid in the 3-cornered Pants"—*Dr. Mulcahy*
 "Could I Write a Book?"—*Griffiths*
 "Cuban Pete"—*Dr. Siegel*
 "Good Morning to You" (Your baby gained an ounce)—*E. Ferguson*
 "Take a Number From One to Ten"—*Dr. Smith*
 "Pickin' Cotton"—*Dr. Malven*
 "Big Chief, Swing It"—*Mr. Weber*



THE MELTING POT

Noah's Ark	V.B.H.
Happy Hunting Ground.....	The morgue
Cupid's Waterloo.....	Tower Home
The Lion's Den.....	T.S.O.
Snow White.....	Miss McCrimmon
The Seven Dwarfs—	
Sneezy	Miss Tschudin
Grumpy	Dr. Neighbors
Doc	Miss Lindberg
Happy	Dr. Breed
Bashful	Miss Knapp
Sleepy	The Orderlies
Dopey	Each interne
Little Red Riding Hood	Miss Tobin
Donald Duck.....	Dr. Malven
Ali Baba	The Chef
Mickey Mouse.....	Dr. Rosenberg
Bluebeard	Dr. Scott
Minnie Mouse	Miss Van Dyne
The Invisible Men	Frank, Mort, and Charlie
Mother Hubbard.....	Miss Ferguson
Prince Charming.....	Dr. Christensen
The Shadow.....	John, the painter
The Big Bad Wolf.....	Mr. Weber
The Lone Ranger.....	Gene
Hans and Fritz.....	The Drs. Crispell
Sitting Bull	Frank
The Voice of Experience.....	Dr. Harrington
Town Hall.....	E.E.N.&T. Clinic
Mut and Jeff.....	Drs. Breed and Stoller
Paul Revere	Miss Sease
Tillie, the Toiler.....	Miss Smith
Tarzan	Dr. Meyer
Dracula	Dr. Stibbs
Betty Boop	Miss Casson
The Perfect Specimen.....	Dr. Rogers
Humpty Dumpty.....	Dr. Andrews
The Horn of Plenty.....	Diet Kitchen before 3:30
The Last of the Mohicans	Dr. Bacile
Tarzan's Mate	Miss Pac
The Charge of the Light Brigade	Rounds on Ward 4
The Man Without a Country.....	Dr. Leiser

"And last, not least, in each perplexing case
Learn the sweet magic of a cheerful face,
Not always smiling, but at least serene,
When grief and anguish crowd the anxious scene.
Each look, each movement, every word and tone
Should tell the patient you are all his own.
Not the mere artist, purchased to attend
But the warm, ready self-forgetting friend
Whose genial presence in itself combines
The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1849

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BOTH OF US now go forward, giving our lives to make this world a better place in which to live, devoting our energies to bring happiness into hundreds of homes.

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LUCKEY, PLATT & CO.

A conscience is that sixth sense that comes to our aid when we are doing wrong and tells us that we are about to get caught.

Best Wishes to
The Class of 1938

E. T. Griffiths

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M. T. S.

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LINCOLN — FORD — FORDSON

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Six-year-old Mary awoke about two in the morning.

"Tell me a story, Mamma," she pleaded.

"Hush, darling," said mother, "Daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."

Best Wishes

KELTY the BAKER

44 N. Clover St.

Best wishes to the Class of 1938



One of the briefer musical criticisms appeared in the local paper: "An amateur string quartet played Brahms here last evening. Brahms lost."

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Feminine Wearables



I. MILLER SHOES

STETSON HATS

Compliments of A Friend



A poet mailed an effusion entitled "Why Do I Live?" to a literary review.
The editor returned the poem with the following note: "You live because you
didn't dare bring it in yourself."

Compliments of

JOSEPH L. PARMELE

*Compliments and Best
Wishes*

JACK SIEGEL
The People's Store

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Suggestion to the college graduate.
The world is all wet; don't burn up all your energy trying to set it on fire.

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A Link-Belt Stoker will give
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B.A., B.S.

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328 MAIN STREET

Poughkeepsie, New York

When we hear some folks brag, we are reminded of the time the flea said to the elephant, "Boy, didn't we shake that bridge when we crossed it?"

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Miss Watts to two ladies in X-Ray waiting room: "I'll shoot one of you in about two minutes."

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Poughkeepsie, New York

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A FRIEND

Mother: "Marilyn, were you a good little girl at church today?"

Marilyn: "Yes, Mother. A man offered me a big plate of money, and I said, 'No thank you'."

Compliments of

Printing House of Harmon

(Printers of this Yearbook)

TELEPHONE 6660



209 MAIN STREET

POUGHKEEPSIE